

A SURGEON'S STORY.

TRAGIC ENCOUNTER WITH A MANIC BENT ON SUICIDE.

The Desperate Man Placed a Revolver in the Physician's Hand and at the Muzzle of Another Ordered Him to Shoot—The Tragedy That Followed a Refusal.

"Well, I would hardly be willing to say, responded the physician to an inquiry made by one of a group of listeners, 'that a man who committed suicide was insane, for I have known several persons who were never suspected of insanity before the act, nor have they been since, who, to my certain knowledge, have attempted suicide. One or two cases have been public, and have got into the newspapers, but the general majority of them are professional secrets, and no one will ever know of them, except those few who know now. That's one of the responsibilities that a physician takes upon himself.

"I recall one instance where I have saved a man from committing suicide, and, though he never showed the slightest symptom of it afterward, I am positive he was crazy as a loon at the time of the attempt. It happened about six years ago in a western city. In a hotel where I was a resident physician, I had met the man in the evening after dinner and had played a game of chess with him in his apartments the finest suite in the house. He had arrived at the hotel the day before, alone, and, had asked for the best

rooms, paying for them in advance. Then he had asked for the house physician, and as one result of our acquaintance, we were playing this game of chess. We had had one or two mild drinks during the evening, and after the game was finished, he turned the talk upon suicide, having some very interesting and peculiar ideas on the subject, chief of which was his utter aversion to self-murder under any circumstances whatever. He was so firm in his opposition that he almost lost his temper when I ventured the assertion that suicide might be almost justifiable.

"In the midst of this conversation he suddenly went into the adjoining room, and returned with two revolvers, which he laid down on the table between us. I didn't understand what they were for and asked him.

"Well," he answered in the coolest kind of fashion, 'the time has come for me to die, and you have got to kill me. My soul would be damned forever if I did it myself, but if you do it, my blood will not be on my own hands. There are two revolvers; you take this one—handing me one—and I'll take the other. As you see, they are both loaded and in perfect condition. If you do not shoot me within a minute, I will shoot you.'

"He took out his watch, and, standing five or six feet from me, he counted the ticks, and aimed his gun directly at my head. I saw by his eye that he was crazy, and that I would have to

obey him or pay the penalty of my disobedience with my life, and still I did not want to shoot a man, however I might be justified in doing it. With this thought I lifted the revolver, and, taking careful aim, he watching me narrowly, I drew the gun square down upon his forehead, and just as I was about to pull the trigger, I threw it one side and shot for his pistol arm. My intention was good, but I was excited, and my shot only cut through the flesh without disabling him, and before I had time to move, he had fired at my heart. A case of instruments in my vest pocket saved me, and the next shot I fired was more to the purpose, and my host was dead without committing suicide.

"I told the story to the landlord, who was my friend and relative, exactly as it occurred, but to the world at large the story went forth that the man had committed suicide while crazed, and the fact that he had been in an asylum was sufficient guarantee that I was telling the truth.

A Cherokee Romance.

The marriage of Richard Malone and Miss Mary Hildreth at Caldwell, Kan., is the culmination of a romantic experience.

When the Cherokee strip was opened for settlement on September 18, 1893, Malone and Miss Hildreth, at the report of the signal gun along the southern Kansas border, on their well-trained horses, made the famous race

over the plains together for a home in the Indian lands.

The claims they desired lay five miles south of Caldwell. They were maintaining a good head in the mad rush, when suddenly the girthing of Miss Hildreth's saddle broke. Her escort saw her dilemma, reined in his horse and assisted her. She could go no further, so they staked two claims side by side. They then erected a house on Miss Hildreth's claim just across the line. Malone erected a barn, in which he lived during his enforced residence on his claim. Miss Hildreth occupied the house. Last week they both proved to their claims and yesterday they were married.

Women's Rights in France.

Women in France have just been accorded the right to be legal witnesses as to the registration of births, marriages and deaths and to the signature on legal documents.

She Trains Race Horses.

Miss Loretha Elliott of Orient, Maine, is the owner of many fast horses, which she raised and trained herself in her father's stables. She is a well-educated, cultivated young woman, and the fact that she recently won a race on the track at Pottsville, Mo., has by no means taken from her popularity. She is an accomplished horsewoman, and at the same time as sweet and maidenly as she can be. The horses love her and follow her around like dogs.

OLDEST MONUMENT.

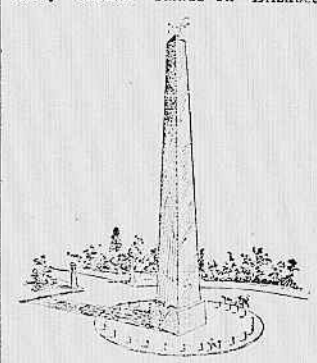
SYDNEY'S "SCENT BOTTLE" AND THE PURPOSE IT SERVES.

The Artistic Sense of the Australians Leads Them to Make Their Sewer Vent an Object of Beauty—A Shaft Without an Inscription of Any Kind.

The strangest monument in the world exists in Sydney, Australia. The shaft itself is not of an unusual sort, but while it is a unique ornament to the community in the midst of which it stands, it is also the most precious and the least understood of all structures in the great southern city.

This odd spire has no inscription upon it. It is as plain as a monolith, with a plinth and a slightly elevated pedestal. Facetious people, who are not versed in sewerage and sewer gas, call it the "Scent Bottle." Strangers scan it, strain at its unlettered faces, carry their vision up its plain sides to the pinnacle, which stands about 130 feet above the street level, and wonder what notable person or event it commemorates. Three-fourths of the residents of Sydney have not the remotest idea of what this modified Cleopatra's needle represents. This "scent bottle" commemorates sewer gas, and it stands as a monument to the people who are not killed by that vile subterranean agency.

As it has no other name, "scent bottle" will serve with which to designate it here, since the nickname somewhat symbolizes its business. This lonely column stands on Elizabeth



street, in a small circle, against Hyde Park. About it are a cordon of low, round-headed posts at short distances, and chained to each other by strong traces upon which the park looper and small boys lounge. None of these thousands of people ever think that the tall spire in the unique circle is the safest friend they and the city have. Take it away, close the 18-foot square hole, and in less than 24 hours the whole country about would be strewn

with wreckage and the air filled with foul, poisonous gases. Remove it and leave the whole open, then, in less than a day, the lower city would be unfit for habitation. The great sewers of the city have their vent here. They come down with their filth and deadly gases, throw the latter off through this shaft, join the main sewer, and carry the remaining sewage on over the high bluffs of Hawkesbury sandstone to the sea.

The "scent bottle" sits over this meeting of the waters, and draws off the foul gases from the burdened pipes below. It is hollow, of course, and has an opening at the top which is not perceptible to the eye upon the street. Through its great throat the underground city breathes and all the sewers of the city are relieved. The "bottle" being nearly 200 feet high rises above any inhabited house in the city, and the rushing sewers giving the gas a forced draft, shoot it many feet above the top of this great gray chimney, whence this dangerous aeriform fluid is carried away, so that it never reaches a human being. This perpendicular gas sewer was built before 1880. It feeds the elements daily with enough foul stuff to fill a good-sized city, or to blow Gibraltar into atoms. Since its construction at their junction there has not been one explosion along the line of ramified sewers which converge toward this point. The "scent bottle" is not an eyesore. Its business is so disguised that it is an object of beauty, and it is readily mistaken for a real monument. Indeed, it is the biggest, most conspicuous and picturesque of all the notable monuments in New South Wales, of which colony Sydney is the capital. The Sydney "scent bottle" is not an expensive structure. It is suggested to other cities in other parts of the world as vertical lungs for the safety of sewers, and the nervous populace who tramp thereon in the pursuit of other things.

REMINISCENCES OF SIGSBEE

He Has Often Shown His Bravery and Discretion.

Commander Sigsbee of the ill-fated cruiser was born in Albany, N. Y., and educated at the Albany Academy. He was appointed to the United States Naval Academy in 1859 by Erasmus Corning, first, then congressman from this district. He was graduated from that institution in 1863 and was immediately detailed into active service as ensign aboard the Metacomb, which engaged in the naval operations that ended in the capture of Mobile. That event was one of the most decisive in the civil war. There were also in that engagement two other Alabamians, Ira Harris, now of Cleveland, the son of the former United States Senator Ira Harris, and Clarence Rathbone, who still resides in this city. Young Sigsbee was then known

as "Dutch," a fitting sobriquet considering the old Dutch town of his birthplace. Sigsbee's ship, the Metacomb, was commanded by Capt. Jan-ett.

Commander Sigsbee is well remembered in the chronicles of naval service for his work on the coast survey. He is one of the bravest and most discreet officers in the navy. He is a man who is known to be what is called "remarkably level headed," and those who know him best will be the last to believe that such carelessness as an explosion aboard ship would indicate could occur on any vessel under his command.

A signal instance of his decision of character in emergencies was shown on the East River last summer. The Maine had left the Brooklyn navy yard and was proceeding down stream on her way to sea. The river was crowded with craft of all kinds, and by one of those singular accidents which occur on crowded streams and against which no provision seems to avail, an excursion steamer and a huge freight boat got in the Maine's way. A collision seemed to be inevitable, and what the result would have been if the huge steel man-of-war but brushed the crowded excursion boat can easily be imagined. Capt. Sigsbee did not hesitate a moment. He ordered the helm a-starboard and the Maine went crashing into the dock. Two wharves were carried away by the impact, forty cars were dumped into the East river and considerable damage was done. But no lives were lost, and except for the losing of a little paint, the Maine was unharmed. Then Capt. Sigsbee went on his way and subsequently was complimented by Mr. Roosevelt, assistant secretary of the navy, for the manner in which he had acted.

Amputations After a Tarantula Bite.

James Hemmingway, an M. K. and T. brakeman, has just been discharged from the company's hospital at Sedalia, Mo., after four months' treatment for a tarantula bite. On the night of Sept. 9, Hemmingway touched a tarantula and was bitten on the tip of the middle finger of the right hand. He felt a sharp pang of pain at the time, but paid little attention to it, and went on with his work. The bitten finger began to slough off. The hand and arm became filled with pus and were swollen to three times their natural size. Hemmingway was sent to the Sedalia Railway Hospital for treatment, where the finger was amputated at the first joint. Finding the wound would not heal, the surgeon cut the finger again, finally making twenty-nine amputations of the member. The final operation was performed nearly two months ago, the hand being split from the knuckle of the middle finger to the wrist and the bones taken out of the knuckle to the wrist.

PLEASE TRY

Cascarets

CANDY CATHARTIC

REGULATE THE LIVER

10c. 25c. 50c.

ALL DRUGGISTS.

GRIFFITHS & LEWIS,

Twenty-eighth Street & Washington Ave.,

NEWPORT NEWS, VA.

49c per yard 49c.

Another Dress Goods Bargain

49c per yard 49c.

We have put on sale for MONDAY Fine Dress Goods at lower prices than ever before. We'll tell you a little about them. There are 54-inch Camelhair Effects, 54-inch Novelty Goods, various colors, styles and figures—goods that sold for \$1.50, \$1.25 and \$1.00—all going on Monday's sale for **49c per yard**.

KID GLOVES. Lots of 'em, all kinds and all styles and shades. You will need a pair before Easter; this is the place to get 'em. For instance, here's our prices: Five hook Kid Gloves in several shades of Tans, Browns and Blacks, extra good value for 89c per pair.

KID GLOVES AGAIN FOR \$1. These are all right; the glove girls say so. In this lot there are 5 hooks in Tans, Browns, Greens, Ox Blood and Black. Also 2 clasp Gloves. These are A1 also. Same colors at the same price; your choice **\$1 per pair**.

KID GLOVES AGAIN. In this lot there are 5 hook Dressed Kid, 2 clasp Dress Kid, 2 clasp Mocha Gloves in Blacks, Tans, Browns, Mocha Greens, Grays and White with black stitching; choice **\$1.25 per pair**.

HOSIERY—HONEST HOSIERY. It's the only kind that's worth buying, and when you can buy stockings of this sort at these prices, it's good policy to "stock up."

50 doz. Ladies' Seamless Hose in Black, Tan and Grays, regularly 12½c, Monday's sale 10c pair, 3 pairs for 25c.

50 doz. Ladies' Seamless Hose in Plain Black and Ribbed in Black, also Tan and Mocha. This is a fine Hose, regular 17c kind; this week's sale for 12½c pair.

CHILDREN'S AND MISSES' HOSE. None better made than we keep. All Hermsdorf dye. Don't keep any other kind. This is the only place in town where you can buy this kind of Hose. Here's a few prices. For instance, Children's Hose, sizes 5, 5½, 6, 6½, 7, 7½, 8, 9, 9½ and 10; these are ribbed and you can buy of these sizes for 10c or, 3 pairs for 25c.

Children's and Misses' Hose, Plain Black in ribbed or plain, all sizes, 5, 5½-2, 6, 6½-2, 7, 7½-2, 8, 8½-2, 9, 9½-2 and 10. These are fast black, Hermsdorf dye; 15c pair, 2 pair for 25c.

Boys' Bicycle Hose. These are humming for the price, all sizes, 6, 6½-2, 7, 7½-2, 8, 9½-2, 10 and 11; your choice 25c pair.

Babies' Socks in Black, Tan and White, all sizes; 10½-2, 12½-2, 15 and 20c pair.

10c Each, Fixtures Complete.

8c PER YARD.

4½-2c PER YARD.

6c PER YARD.

6c PER YARD.

6c PER YARD.

6c PER YARD.

98c. EACH

\$4.98

75c. and \$1.00 PER YARD.

\$1.25 PER PAIR.

Window Shades--All colors--Your choice 10c each

Thirteen hundred yards, yard-wide Percales, the 12½-2c kind, all kinds of lengths, all colors and all styles; your choice per yard 8c.

One thousand yards best Shirting Prints, all colors and styles, dark and light ground dots and stripes, figures and checks at 4½-2c per yard.

Eight hundred yards in all "yard-width" Percales, Shaker Flannels, Outing Cloth, Suitings; all of these goods sold at 10 and 12½-2 cents per yard. Put on table all together, and you can get your choice at 6c per yard.

Six hundred yards fine India Linen—the 10 cent kind—for this sale 6c per yard.

Nine hundred yards Check Nainsook and Plaid Muslins, The 10c kind, for this sale, 6 cents per yard.

Just received a new lot of Ladies' Skirts, figured Mohairs and plain Mohairs; have put on sale for this week eight dozen Ladies' figured Mohair Skirts for 98c. They are worth double the price asked for them.

Another bargain in Ladies' Ready-made Silk Brocade Skirts; very handsome patterns; lined all through; velvet bound and well made. They look cheap at \$10. Our price for them **\$4.98**.

We have a handsome line of Silk Velvets; good value at 75c, and \$1.00 per yard. All shades, such as two shades in myrtle green, two shades in red, two shades in brown, two shades in olive green, two shades in purple and two shades in navy and black.

Misses' Spring Heel Shoes; all sizes, 2½-2 to 8. They are the \$1.50 kind, and would be good value at that, but we have put them on sale for

10c Each, Fixtures Complete.

8c PER YARD.

4½-2c PER YARD.

6c PER YARD.

6c PER YARD.

6c PER YARD.

6c PER YARD.

98c. EACH

\$4.98

75c. and \$1.00 PER YARD.

\$1.25 PER PAIR.

AGENTS FOR BUTTERICK PATTERNS.

GRIFFITHS & LEWIS,

Newport News.